

No glacier vast, nor icy crag,  
    Could stop their progress to their goal,  
"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield,"  
    Illustrious ones, their motto proud ;  
They through the screaming blizzard reeled,  
    Until the snow-drift was their shroud.

Now from Antarctic's icy steep  
    Sad tidings reach Britannia's shore ;  
And King and people sadly weep  
    Within the vast cathedral's door.  
Brave Scott ! Brave Oates ! Thy sacrifice  
    Shall ne'er by us forgotten be ;  
Where'er our British ensign flies,  
    Where'er we dwell on land or sea.

Drop from thy peak, O mighty flag !  
    In bitter grief Britannia weep ;  
Proud privilege of thy sons to die,  
    That thou thy glorious fame may keep.

